BATTLEWORLD

SECRET WARS

SIEGE

#1

GILLEN
ANDRADE
STOKOE
COELHO
ROSENBERG

MARVEL

HNGH!

10 YEARS AGO

OH, ORD.

20 YEARS TOO LATE

YOU COULD NEVER HIT FOR &%*&.

SKRULLKROSS...

GYYYAAAARRRRGH!

ABIGAIL BRAND: YOU ARE THE VICTOR IN THIS SECRET WAR.

YOU HAVE REBELLED TIME AND TIME AGAIN. YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN ENOUGH CHANCES BY ALL-MERCIFUL, ALL-POWERFUL DOOM.

THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL SECRET WAR.

YOU ARE SENTENCED TO THE SHIELD.

YOU WILL DEFEND IT UNTIL YOU DIE.

IF YOU LET IT FALL, MILLIONS WILL DIE.

YOUR LIFE IS OVER.

YOU ARE NOW A SHIELD-MAIDEN.

AT LAST.

SIEGE

THEY CAN'T EVER WIN. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE.

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THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

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NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

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A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

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THE MORE CIVILIZED DOMAINS TO THE NORTH ARE PROTECTED FROM THE VIOLENT, UNGOVERNABLE TERRITORIES TO THE SOUTH BY A PLANET-SPANNING WALL KNOWN AS **THE SHIELD**.

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NOW.

Abiqail Brand's War Journal. Day 3682.

The Shield. Two-hundred-and-fifty feet high and circles the entirety of Battleworld.

As a child, it impressed me. As an adult, it terrifies me. It is so big. We are so few. If we fail, the worst happens...

...someone else has to live what I went through.

Yes, I used to be impressed by the wall. I used to have hope. I used to dream of all the things I wanted to do when I grew up.

But then, when I was nine years old, all that was washed away.

Then, all I ever wished for was an army and a sisyphean task.

I got exactly what I wanted.

AR

Lucky me.

MORNING, COMMANDER!

I KNOW.

ANY BIG ATTACKS IN THE NIGHT?

OH, LEAH. IF YOU WEREN'T ENTIRELY INVALUABLE, I WOULDN'T MISS YOU FOR A SECOND.

I'D BE HOPING YOU'D GET EATEN ALIVE BY WHATEVER MONSTER DECIDES IT'S IN THE MOOD FOR CHEWING ON A TALL GIRL WITH NOTHING BUT SARCASM RUNNING THROUGH HER VEINS.

DID YOU FIND YOURSELF AWOKEN, COMMANDER?

YOU CAN DEDUCE THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION.

PLUS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE *IDIOT* WHO'S REPLACING YOU.

MILADY!

WHAT, LEONARDO?

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE ROBOTS...

OUR CONTACTS SOUTH OF THE WALL HAVE BROUGHT TO OUR ATTENTION A CERTAIN FORCE APPROACHING TH--

ENOUGH CHAT. UPLOAD EVERYTHING, UNITS. DETAILS.

LET'S GO.

MAJOR SUMMERS, FORCES AVAILABLE?

I'M SORRY, MA'AM. IN THE LOCALE THE UNITS HAVE SPECIFIED? ONLY FOUR OF MY SIBLINGS.

CORE FORCE HERE CAN BE REDEPLOYED TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY--

YES, *OBVIOUSLY* THEY CAN.

THANK DOOM YOU'RE PRETTY, SUMMERS.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED EVERYONE *APOLOGIZES* TO YOU BEFORE REPORTING, ABIGAIL?

ONLY IN THE MORNING.

THEY *SHOULD* BE NERVOUS TALKING TO ME BEFORE I GET COFFEE.

YOUR BREAKFAST, MA'AM.

THANK YOU, MAJOR.

ATTENTION, ENDLESS SUMMERS! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS. TIME TO SAVE A WORLD THAT CARES LITTLE FOR CLONES LIKE US.

AGAIN.

WELL MET! I'M LADY KATHERINE OF BISHOP.

AMERICA CHAVEZ. *MS.* AMERICA CHAVEZ.

ONE WARNING: *NOT* "MISS."

SUCH A STRANGE NAME, OH MOODY ONE!

PRAY TELL, WHAT REALM ARE YOU FROM, OH CROSS STARRED-LOVER?

A LONG WAY FROM HERE.

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO MYSTERIOUS?

EVERY SECOND OF THE DAY I'M NOT PUNCHING THINGS.

AH! 'TIS WELL PUNCHING IS OUR PLAN FOR THE AFTERNOON.

THINGS WILL BE PLAINER THEN, I'M SURE.

HEH. KEEP FINDING THOSE SILVER LININGS, PRINCESS.

HEY! GRIMM! GET UP HERE! WE NEED TRANSPORT!

TAKEN FOR GRANTED, THAT'S WHAT I AM.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

WHATCHAWANT?

WE GOT AN UNWINNABLE FIGHT.

GIVE US A ROCK BUBBLE AND A MACH-TWO PERISTALTIC WAVE. WE'RE IN A RUSH.

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

IF IT STOPS YOU YELLIN', SURE.

SO, LEO...

...WHAT *ARE* WE FACING, ANYWAY?

Abigail Brand's War Journal, cont'd

Five years earlier. Pym-Phalanx had marched into the Deadland. Thought they could learn from the undead and turn them against the Ultron-infection. Lost contact within two months. Within a year, the first attacks from the Giant Ant-Men began.

Blood samples from the first wave identified them as part of the Pym-family. Written on the DNA in individual atoms was a repeating message: "Kill me. I'm sorry. I was wrong. Kill me."

Somewhere out there is a hive of replicating undead, but no Hel-ranger patrol has been able to find them. We've gotten pretty good at taking them out, though.

This time the turning point was when we focused the Endless Summers Legion's optic blasts through one of Leonardo's lenses.

It was still hard. It's still as easy as it gets.

LATER.

OH, GIANT ANT-MEN ZOMBIES.

I HATE THOSE GUYS.

I THINK I DRINK MORE SINCE TAKING OVER FROM FURY.

THAT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN.

PERHAPS YOU'RE JUST THIRSTY.

YOU ARE DOING HIS JOB, AND DOING IT WELL.

THE LAST SIX MONTHS HAVE PROVED THAT YOU'RE AS GOOD AS HE EVER WAS.

AND YOU NEVER KNOW. MAYBE HE'LL COME BACK.

I COULD EVEN FIND HIM...

IF HE'S OUT THERE, HE'S DEAD.

AS ALWAYS, THE OPTIMIST.

YOU *HOPE* HE'S DEAD.

BETTER THAN ANY OF THE ALTERNATIVES.

AND I DON'T WANT *ANY OF THEM* TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

I AM LEAH, HEL-RANGER AND SHIELD-MAIDEN.

DO YOU EXPECT ME TO STAY HERE WHEN *ILLYANA* IS OUT THERE?

I DO. SHE'S BEEN MISSING A WEEK. SHE'S *GONE*. YOU DON'T WANT TO FIND HER.

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED WITH McCOY, I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEAR, BUT--

IF YOU UNDERSTOOD, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED IT.

I REGRET SPEAKING.

WE'RE TO PART. IF THESE PROVE TO BE OUR LAST WORDS, LET THEM NOT BE HARSH ONES.

YOU WERE THE BEST SECOND I EVER HAD.

I WOULD HOPE SO...BUT I'VE NEVER HAD ANY DESIRE TO BE *ANYONE'S* SECOND.

THAT'S WHY I'M ON THE WALL. AND NOW, I WILL FIND MY DESTINY AND MY LOVE IN THIS HELL.

AND HOPEFULLY A SWIFT DEATH.

SO KANG CAN TAKE COMMAND OF THE HEL-RANGERS!

AND BRING DOOM'S JUSTICE TO THE WASTELANDS!

HEH. OH, ABIGAIL.

YOU *ARE* THE LUCKY ONE.

OH, SHE IS. *AH*, TO BE A HEL-RANGER. OUT THERE, BREAKING UP THE ATTACKS BEFORE THEY REACH US.

PURGING THE OUTLAND RATHER THAN SITTING AND WAITING...

YOU FOUGHT IN THE NORTH. YOU DID... WHAT?

HUNTED HULKS?

CULLED THE GREEN HERD A LITTLE.

IT IS GREAT SPORT, IF YOU HAVE THE WARRIOR IN YOUR BLOOD.

I WILL BRING MY TALENT FOR ANNIHILATION HERE.

IMAGINE THE GLORY WHEN I PROVE THAT THE SOUTH *CAN* BE BROUGHT BENEATH THE HEEL OF MORTAL MAN!

YOU HAVE BEEN HERE A DECADE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BAR COWER BEHIND THE SKIRTS OF YOUR MOTHER-WALL?

YOU STINK OF FEAR.

WHAM

HURK!

I'M SCARED YOU'RE *NOT* SCARED.

THAT SCARES ME MORE THAN EVERYTHING.

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THE *LAST* TIME THE SHIELD FAILED?

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

Thirty years ago the shield collapsed. Seven major breaches.

The combined forces of Perfection, the Deadlands and the Bugs went on a rampage. His Doominess let them rampage until their vanguard reached the south tip of Fortress Doom, at which point he teleported them all to the Southlands and put the shield back together. All with a wave of his hand.

Total casualties are incalculable. Several regions were entirely destroyed, including Breakland. Barely two hundred survivors from there.

One was nine-year-old orphan me.

It's never going to happen again.

I AM NOT LETTING YOUR EGO GAMBLE WITH EVERY LIVING SOUL BEHIND THE SHIELD.

YOU'RE A COWARD. YOU FEAR BATTLE.

OH, WE GOT BATTLE HERE. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU BROUGHT THOSE THIGH-HIGHS, PRETTY BOY, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW FAR YOU'LL BE WADING IN GORE.

WHAT YOU ***DON'T*** GET IS A VICTORY.

YOUR BEST DAY IS A MONDAY WHEN YOU HIT THEM HARD ENOUGH THAT THEY DON'T COME BACK ON TUESDAY.

BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, THEY'LL BE BACK WEDNESDAY.

THERE IS NO "WIN" HERE.

WE JUST CAN'T FAIL.

BLEEP BLEEP

AND... WHY IS YOUR WRIST BLEEPING?!

A TEMPORAL DISTORTION. I'M GETTING A--

BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP

WH--

KANG? ANOTHER KANG?

ABIGAIL. I'M SORRY. TEMPORAL MINE FIELDS.

TOO THICK. COULDN'T NAVIGATE THEM.

I THOUGHT I COULD. I WAS WRONG. JUST TOO MUCH.

MEDIC!

LISTEN. LISTEN NOW.

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

IN 20 DAYS, THE SHIELD FALLS.

THANOS DOOMS US ALL.

WHO'S THIS "THANOS"?

NO IDEA. BUT WHEN I FIND HIM?

HE'S DEAD.

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

20 DAYS AND COUNTING.

THERE IS NO HOPE.

ZONE